Allies or Enemies

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by sourweather

Summary

Will and Hannibal are many things. Conjoined, destined, inevitable. They'd once been enemies, now...something else.

But friends? Will really isn't sure.

Notes

this was MEANT to be super fluffy and cute but here we are

"Are we friends?"

He hadn't even been sure Hannibal was awake when he asked, so the sharp puff of air on the back of his neck is both a reassurance and an annoyance. "I'd call us more than that, wouldn't you?" Hannibal replies, and his arms weave tighter around Will's bare torso. He always holds on tight when they sleep. Will sometimes jokes that Hannibal is subconsciously attempting to squeeze the life from him, but he knows that the other man is trying to soothe himself. Easing the fear that he'll wake up alone when morning comes.

Will rolls his eyes, even if no one will see it. Communicating with some unseen observer, like God might give a shit that Will finds his bedfellow so pedantic. "That's not what I asked you."

His voice softens, impossibly deep and textured in the empty limbo of their bedroom. At times like this, when the only sound is distant ocean and the only sight is the vague shape of his and Hannibal's bodies— Will sometimes feels like the two of them are drifting through the vaccuum of space. The last remnants of a long-destroyed universe, clinging to each other to escape the horror of being alone with their thoughts.

"I love you, Will," he says, and Will is not alone. Hannibal's lips brush the shell of his ear, coaxing some of the new tension from his muscles.

Will swallows, licks his lips. "...But do you *like* me?" It's almost funny, how juvenile and insecure it sounds leaving his mouth. Like a middle schooler making a distinction between 'liking' and *'like*-liking'. Neither of them laugh.

"I need you," Hannibal says after a silence that feels far too long. The response seems distinctly calculated. "I can't bear to be without you. You hold a piece of myself in your hands, and I'm grateful for every moment that you do not crush it."

He rolls onto his back, staring at the ceiling with a sigh. "Your experience of me sounds agonizing, Doctor," he deadpans. "One might begin to suspect that you're a masochist."

"No more agonizing than yours," Hannibal counters, and there's a slight bitterness on his tongue that Will doesn't care for. "I don't delude myself on that matter."

Will narrows his eyes. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Hannibal sits up, and Will feels a stab of panic at the thought of him getting up and leaving. Maybe he's no better than Hannibal, where fear of abandonment is concerned. "You have never made a secret of how you view our relationship," He says simply. "I am, to your mind, a necessary evil. The bitter antidote to the poison that lives inside of you." His voice cracks slightly, and Will feels it like another knife in his gut. "And I have made my peace with that, because I enjoy your company too much to turn you away. Yes, I like you. But I won't pretend to be your friend."

"You... you think that I don't like you?" Will asks. "That I don't *care* about you?" It would be insulting if it wasn't so concerning.

Will rises to sit beside him, their blanket pooled across their laps. He takes Hannibal's hand in his own, runs his thumb over the lines of the other man's palm. "Everything I've done for the last five years, you've been at the center of it. Of course I care about you, I care about you more than anything."

Hannibal turns his head away, hiding his face even in the dark. Afraid that Will can still read his thoughts, maybe. "...Affection and obsession are distinct emotions," he mutters after a while.

"They also aren't mutually exclusive," Will insists. "Han, look at me."

He obeys, and Will's free hand cups Hannibal's cheek. "You have never been necessary to me," Will says. Hannibal leans into his touch. "I lived for three years without you, didn't I? I didn't come back for you because I had to, I came back because I *wanted* to. You were a choice. You're still a choice."

Will smiles, leans forward to press their foreheads together. "I pick you, Hannibal. Every day, I wake up and I pick you."

Hannibal catches his lips, then. Hungry, at first, until Will is being pressed to the mattress by the other man's weight. He eases off after a few long moments, the rolling boil of his adoration easing off to a simmer. He's still kissing Will near endlessly, but Will can at least breathe between them.

"I shall always choose you, my sweet Will," Hannibal says in turn, his lips trailing down his stubbled jaw.

Will sighs, tipping his head back and carding his fingers into Hannibal's hair. "You make me happy," he whispers, gentle but sure. A promise. "I like you. You crawled into my brain and ate me like a parasite, and you're my favorite thing in the world. Okay?"

He steals another kiss from Will's lips, nudges their noses together playfully just to make Will smile. "Okay," he agrees, then returns to his task of mapping Will's throat.

It doesn't take long for Will's pleased sighs to turn into low groans and hitching gasps, for Hannibal's aimless caresses to turn purposeful and for his kisses to rely more on teeth and tongue than on his lips.

Hannibal gazes up at Will through the darkness, swirling his tongue around Will's nipple before he speaks. "You know," he purrs, and Will shivers from the sound alone. "I'm still not sure I'd refer to the two of us as 'friends'."

Will tries to laugh, but it gets interrupted by a soft moan when Hannibal grinds their bodies together. "Why's that?" he asks, and Hannibal ruins him with another wet kiss.

"Because I don't believe that this," and he emphasizes his point with another slow roll of his hips. "Would be considered friendly behavior."

He throws his arms around Hannibal's neck, tugging him as close as possible. Exactly where Will wants him. "Friends with Benefits?" he tries, and Hannibal laughs before kissing him again.

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